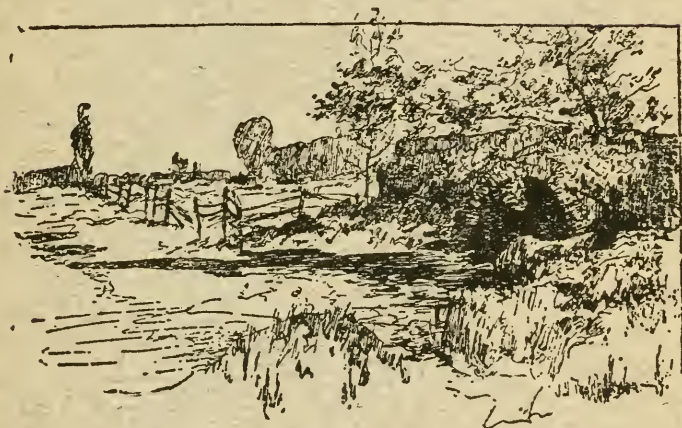


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**A Day at Camp Killkare**  
or  
**Aunt Jane and the Campfire Girls.**  
BY  
**ELSIE DUNCAN YALE**



**PRICE 15 CENTS**

**Eldridge Entertainment House**  
**Franklin, Ohio**

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## **ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE**

**Franklin, Ohio**

# A DAY AT CAMP KILLKARE

—OR—

Aunt Jane and the Campfire Girls.

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By ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

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**ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE,**  
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## SCENE.

The scenery is the same for both acts. If given out doors select if possible a place among trees or large bushes. One tent will be sufficient to represent the camp, and only a portion of this need be visible. A hammock with bright colored cushions will add to the effect. Have one or two camp stools, a sketching outfit, and a Kodak near the tent.

If the play is given indoors small trees or leafy branches placed in buckets of sand may be used to represent the woods. Cover the floor with brown denim or linen, and scatter leaves, pineneedles and cones upon it.

The campers wear middy blouses with short dark skirts or bloomers. Miss Morgan's costume is similiar except that her skirt is longer.

Lucille and Miss Pickett wear any costume appropriate for motoring and the latter carries a lorgnette.

### *Characters.*

Bettie	}	.....Campers.
Ruth		
Hilda		
Hope		
Kitty		

Miss Morgan, a teacher in charge of the camp.

Miss Pickett, an elderly lady who disapproves of camps.

Lucille, her niece.

### *Suggestions.*

The character of Miss Pickett offers great opportunity for comedy, as much of the success of the play will depend upon her ability to be serious, yet funny. Her efforts to keep up with the girls in their drills and exercises, her ludicrous appearance in the misfit costume in the second scene should make a hit. A little musical program interpolated at any point or points the director sees fit will add to the enjoyment and lengthen the play. "I Can't Do a Thing With My Hair Since It's Washed," an action song for young ladies, price 25 cents, will fit admirably in this play.

Drills may be introduced in the second act if desired, a bow and arrow drill, or dumb bell drill being especially appropriate.

A brief program of songs and recitations may also be included in the second act.

# A Day at Camp Killkare.

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## SCENE I.

*As the curtain rises girls are seen seated, Hilda embroidering, Ruth busy with raffia, Hope making a basket. Enter Kitty.*

*Kitty.* Look at the industry on a warm morning. I'll be the sluggard. (*Sits herself in the hammock and opens a book.*) How's the fancy work, Hilda?

*Hilda.* I wish the old thing was done. Carolyn sails next week and I want this traveling case to be finished in time.

*Hope.* I wish I were going on a nice trip like Carolyn.

*Kitty.* Uncle Fred went to Europe last summer, and he said he was simply tired of the everlasting tipping. Finally he saw a sign in his room at the hotel, "Please tip the basin after using," and he said he drew the line there.

*Hilda.* I'd love the ocean voyage, and I know I wouldn't be afraid, even in a storm. Mother told me that when she went over, there was an old lady who was terribly nervous, and each day she pestered the captain, asking him how far it was to land. Finally one day he answered her politely, "Five miles, madam." She was delighted and asked very eagerly "where?" and he told her "straight down below our keel, madam."

*Kitty.* Uncle Fred wasn't a bit seasick, but one day on deck a man and his wife were near him, all bundled up in their steamer chairs and looking terribly woebegone. Their little boy was playing around full of mischief, and the mother said feebly, "Papa, won't you speak to Willie?" And papa said just as feebly, "How do you do, Willie?"

*Ruth.* Well, I don't liketroublesome children. I had to take care of Cousin Julia's baby all one afternoon and he did nothing but cry. So I let him cry into the phonograph, so that when he grew up he could hear what a troublesome baby he had been.

*Kitty.* I ought to be studying, seeing as I flunked in history this June.

*Hope.* I don't believe you know a thing about history, Kit.

*Kitty.* Yes, I do. I know that when the great patriot, Nathan Hale, was about to be executed he said, "Would that I were a cat that I might have nine lives to give to my country."

*Hope.* Where's Betty?

*Ruth.* Gone for the mail.

*Hilda.* Miss Morgan with her?

*Hope.* No, Miss Morgan went down to the lake to sketch.

*Kitty.* I wish I were an artist. I tried to paint a sunset once, but the family thought it was a tomato omelet, so I forebore.

*Ruth.* Betty's taking her time with the mail.

*Hope.* I gave her five cents for lollypops.

*Kitty.* I gave her ten. What's camp without lollypops?

*(Distant call is heard "Wohelo.")*

*Girls. (reply) Wohelo.*

*(Enter Miss Morgan with sketching outfit.)*

*Miss Morgan.* Did I hear Betty call?

*Ruth.* Yes, she's just coming up the path.

*(Enter Betty with mail bag slung over her shoulder.)*

*Betty. (Wiping her forehead.)* Whew, its a warm day.

*Hope. (Reaching for mail bag.)* Here, hand over the letters like a nice lady.



*(Girls crowd around Betty.)*

*Betty.* *(waving them back.)* Stand back, ladies, and show some respect for the representative of the postal system of our nation. *I'll* distribute the mail.

*Hilda.* I hope I got a letter.

*Betty.* You don't deserve one for you only write postals.

*Hilda.* I only wrote two last week.

*Betty.* *(distributing mail)* Miss Hope Harwood.

*Hope.* Oh, that's from mother.

*Betty.* Miss Morgan, two letters and a paper.

*Miss Morgan.* Thank you, Betty.

*Betty.* What an example! Miss Morgan is the only one who has thanked me for bringing her letters up a steep mountain path beset by tiger lillies, dandelions, foxglove, wolfsbane and every flower carrying a pistil.

*Kitty.* Go on and pass out the mail.

*Betty.* Miss Kitty Carroll, Miss Ruth Scott. That's all but the lollypops and here they are.

*Hope.* Did you get my stamps?

*Betty.* Oh no, I forgot them,

*Hope.* You said you'd surely remember and you tied a knot in your handkerchief.

*Betty.* Well it was a forget-me-knot that time.

*Ruth.* Oh, isn't this a pity? Lucille can't come. Her aunt's going to take her on a motor trip.

*Kitty.* Motor trip? I should think that would be lovely.

*Ruth.* Not a motor trip a la Aunt Jane. Aunt Camilla and Uncle Samuel will go along. Lucille and the two aunts will sit squeezed together on the back seat, and the conversation will be exclusively devoted to nervous dyspepsia and sciatica. When Uncle Samuel can get a word in edgewise he will pipe up about the wholesale price of lard and pork.

*Hilda.* Lovely prospect for Lucille.

*Miss Morgan.* Girls, I have good news for you. I have a letter from Miss Pickett, Lucille's Aunt Jane, and she writes that she has decided to surprise Lucille. They will stop here and visit us for a day on their way to join Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

*Kitty.* That's Uncle Samuel and Aunt Camilla of pork and lard fame.

*Betty.* Hooray, girls!

*Miss Morgan.* She sent me a special delivery letter which for some reason was not delivered last night.

*Betty.* The postmaster told me he was already to go to lodge, so he thought the letter could wait till morning.

*Kitty.* He was as bad as the telegraph operator at Birchwood last summer. Uncle's partner sent him a code message, and the operator never delivered it. He said "It didn't make no sense so he didn't see no use of walking two miles with it."

*Hilda.* When is Lucille coming Miss Morgan?

*Miss Morgan.* The fourteenth—why that's today.

*Betty.* Dear me, girls, we must hurry and get this place fixed up.

*Miss Morgan.* Are your tents in order? They were at inspection this morning but they've had time to get disarranged.

*Kitty.* Mine is spick and span. I believe in a place for everything and everything in its place.

*Ruth.* And that place is the tray of your trunk.

*Kitty.* Well, what's the objection to that? When I want a ribbon or a belt I simply stir up a bit like this (*gesture*) till it comes to the surface.

*Hilda.* Aunt Jane is horribly tidy and terribly particular.

*Betty.* You're right there. She took the dust out of industrious.

*Miss Morgan.* Better pick up those few papers, girls.

*Hope.* Sure. Let's lay out some plain sewing and a few improving books, so as to give a good impression.

*(Sound of motor horn.)*

*Ruth.* Oh, there's the car, come on girls and meet them.

*(Exit girls;)*

*(Miss Morgan glances in tent, straightens pillows in hammock, and puts away her sketching outfit.)*

*Miss Morgan.* I do hope that we can impress Miss Pickett favorably so that she will allow Lucille to stay with us, but that is a little too much to expect. Poor child, I believe her aunt would like to send her to an old-fashioned boarding school, if she could find one, and have her taught to make alum baskets and play the Maiden's Prayer.

*(Enter Miss Pickett, Lucille and campers.)*

*Miss Pickett.* This is a terrible hill. It will give me nervous dyspepsia or sciatica or both.

*Miss Morgan.* Miss Pickett, we are delighted to see you at our camp.. *(Kisses Lucille)* Lucille, dear, this is lovely.

*Betty.* Isn't this great to have Lucille here?

*Kitty.* *(politely)* And Miss Pickett.

*(Girls assist Miss Pickett and Lucille to remove their wraps.)*

*Miss Morgan.* Did you have a pleasant trip?

*Miss Pickett.* It was quite tiresome for we lost our way. All the guide posts told us to use Scrubit Soap or Purple Pills for Pale People. Then for the last half hour when they did condescend to mention Pineville, it was always the same distance. First it was eight miles to Pineville, then after riding ten minutes it was eight miles to Pineville, and then after fifteen minutes it was still eight miles to Pineville. The

chauffeur was quite impertinent, for he said, "Thank goodness, we are holding our own anyway."

*Miss Morgan.* How very annoying.

*Miss Pickett.* Well, Lucille was so set on coming that I decided to let her have a day of it. Though for the life of me I can't see the fun of having spiders crawl over you while you sleep, and ants in the coffee, and eating canned stuff for weeks. I will say frankly it is not my idea of a ladylike vacation.

*Miss Morgan.* We certainly appreciate your kindness in bringing Lucille when it caused you so much inconvenience.

*Betty.* Miss Pickett may I lend Lucille a middy blouse and skirt for the day?

*Miss Pickett.* Well, to tell the truth I never approved of that costume. The middies, as you call them, remind me of the way the Chinese laundrymen wear their clothes. I like a dress neatly belted in.

*Kitty.* But Lucille might spoil her suit.

*Betty.* It is such a stylish suit. Did you have it made in New York?

*Miss Pickett.* (*pleased*) No, the dressmaker made it under my supervision. Very well, Lucille, you may accept Betty's offer.

*Miss Morgan.* Miss Pickett suppose you and I go down to the lake where it is cooler.

*Kitty.* Oh, that will be lovely, Miss Morgan, take her out in the canoe.

*Miss Pickett.* No indeed. My nephew Robert has one, and on one occasion he wished to have a discussion with his father. My brother Jonas is quick tempered and will never listen to argument so Robert invited him out in his canoe, and when he had Jonas out in the middle of the river he opened up the subject. Poor Jonas didn't dare to walk up and down the way he usually does, but he had to sit still and listen calmly for Robert warned him that the canoe would upset at the slightest motion.

*Hilda.* It was very diplomatic of Robert.

*Miss Morgan.* We can sit by the lake and enjoy the breezes.

*Lucille.* And hear the very latest in the line of dyspepsia and sciatica.

*Miss Pickett.* Well Lucille, you may accept Betty's kind offer of a middy blouse and skirt. Hang your coat carefully on a hanger and don't fall into the lake whatever you do.

*Hope.* (*softly*) Hang your clothes on a hickory limb but don't go near the water.

*Betty.* Come on girls for we must crowd two weeks fun into a single day.

(*Exit All*)

## SCENE II

(*Ruth seated with raffia work, enter other girls laughing.*)

*Kitty.* Oh Ruth what do you suppose has happened?

*Hope.* Oh I couldn't keep my face straight.

*Hilda.* It was perfectly awful.

*Hope.* I was scared.

*Kitty.* Scared nothing. The water was only a foot deep.

*Ruth.* Well won't you tell a person what's happened?

*Hilda.* Mercy Ruth didn't you hear the screams yourself?

*Kitty.* Where were your ears?

*Ruth.* (*irritated*) You girls make me tired. Can't you tell me what happened?

*Kitty.* Hope you tell.

*Hope.* Well Aunt Jane went down to the lake with Miss Morgan as she said she would. Then she took a notion to walk around it. That's scene two.

Scene three she saw a water lily near the edge that she wanted, and she reached for it and slipped in. The water was only a foot deep but of course she got wringing wet. She set up a S. O. S. call or whatever the latest wireless is and Betty and Lucille rushed to the rescue. First aid to the injured you know.

*Hilda.* Of course poor Aunt Jane was soaking wet, and then the question was what to do?

*Ruth.* Couldn't you girls have gone to the village to get dry clothing from her suit case?

*Kitty.* Nix. For she had let the chauffeur go to Cherry Valley to see his mother.

*Hope.* Aunt Jane wanted a blanket wrapper, for of course Miss Morgan's clothes wouldn't fit her.

*Hilda.* Just imagine how hilarious it would be to see Auntie sitting around all day in a blanket wrapper and worsted slippers.

*Hope.* But Betty came to the rescue. She actually coaxed Aunt Jane to accept the loan of a middy blouse and skirt to wear for the rest of the day while her clothes dried in the sun.

*Ruth.* Miss Pickett in a middy blouse. Where's my Kodak?

*Hope.* Oh we've all got to behave ourselves I can tell you, for if we don't look out Miss Pickett will get so soured on camps, she won't let Lucille even mention the word.

*Kitty.* I'll tell you what we must do. Betty is dressing auntie up in camp clothes, and we must do our best to make her have a nice day, and convert her to the joys of camping. She's mad as a wet hen now.

*Hope.* Well we'll all try our best to rejuvenate her and give her a jolly day.

*(Enter Miss Morgan, Miss Pickett, Betty, Lucille. Miss Pickett is dressed ridiculously in middy blouse, too small for her and a short skirt.)*

*Kitty.* — Why Miss Pickett how nice you look!

*Miss Pickett.* Nice in this scandalous costume! I'm glad that the Ladies Aid Society and the Civic club can't see me.

*Betty.* Now Aunt Jane—excuse me—but I wish you'd let me call you that—believe me that red is becoming to you, very. Isn't it girls?

*Miss Morgan.* And the costume is comfortable too.

*Miss Pickett.* Yes I admit that.

*Kitty.* I have a proposition to make Aunt Jane. Can't I call you that, too?

*Miss Pickett.* Why yes, you may if you wish.

*Kitty.* Oh lovely! Well this is my idea. You be a regular camper today, for we want you to see just what jolly good times we have.

*Miss Pickett.* Mercy sakes, do you want me to do high diving and walk ten miles, and eat fish blackened over a wood fire?

*Ruth.* Oh that isn't camping. We lead the simple life, not the strenuous one.

*Betty.* I think it would be lovely for her to spend a day just exactly as we spend it.

*Ruth.* Go through the whole program you know.

*Miss Morgan.* Well, somewhat modified.

*Hilda.* Our first stunt is putting our tents in order.

*Miss Pickett.* Stunt!

*Ruth.* (*explaining*) Stunt means—well, a task, an accomplishment.

*Kitty.* Hope's tent is the banner one. It's all plastered up with mottoes.

*Hilda.* I was going to fix up Hope's bed pie-fashion one time, and when I hesitated at the door, I saw her motto "Do it now" so I did.

*Miss Pickett.* I am sure I could pass an examination in orderliness.



*Lucille.* Aunt Jane is the most spick and span housekeeper you ever saw.

*Betty.* Well we can put down credits for that then.

*Ruth.* After tent inspection we have a wand drill, to make us graceful. Let's have that.

*Miss Pickett.* Oh girls you must excuse me from that.

*Betty.* Come Aunt Jane, you'll enjoy it.

*Hope.* It's just the thing for sciatica.

*Hilda.* And for nervous dyspepsia.

*Miss Pickett.* Well I suppose I might as well be—

*Betty.* A sport.

*Kitty.* I'll get the wands and you lead us, Miss Morgan.

*Ruth.* Lucille, you come on too. It's the same drill we had at school.

*(Wand drill, in which Miss Pickett follows awkwardly the motions of the girls.)*

*Betty.* That is fine, you did splendidly. If you did that every day you'd never have nervous dyspepsia.

*Kitty.* Now while we rest we have half an hour for mending.

*Miss Pickett.* Why, do you girls sew up here?

*Miss Morgan.* Certainly they do. They keep their clothing all in good repair.

*Miss Pickett.* I quite approve of that.

*Ruth.* You should see us wash blouses too.

*Hope.* We go down to the lake and pick out a nice flat rock.

*Kitty.* Then we soak our blouses awhile and then scrub them on the rock with a nail brush.

*Betty.* And hang them up to dry on the trees—that old tree over there usually.



Miss Pickett. What a beautiful old oak. I wonder what it would say if it could speak.

Kitty. (*quietly*) It would probably say "I am a maple."

Betty. Now we'll consider our mending time done, and next is the swimming hour.

Miss Pickett. Never.

Lucille. I'm crazy to learn to swim Aunt Jane.

Betty. Why if you can't swim you miss half your life and sometimes all of it.

Ruth. I was down at the swimming pool at home one day and Mrs. Brent, she is is terribly rich you know brought down her little dog and told the man she wanted her dog, to learn to swim. So the man took the doggie and tossed him into the pool and doggie paddled back, of course. Then the man rubbed him with a Turkish towel, and told Mrs. Brent that was the first lesson and the charge was fifty cents and to bring the dog twice a week for six weeks.

Betty. Let's have the land practice Miss Morgan, the way we did when we were learning.

Miss Pickett. Land practice?

Miss Morgan. The girls are taught the motions of swimming before they go in the water.

Betty. Come on, Aunt Jane, this is good for sciatica.

Ruth. And nervous dyspepsia.

Kitty. Ready for practice girls, form in line.

(*Girls go through landpractice in swimming. Miss Pickett following awkwardly. This is a sort of gymnastic exercise. Girls wave arms in unison as in swimming, using the different strokes, lifting first one foot and then the other, with occasional kicks. Miss Pickett's efforts to follow them can be made very funny.*)

Aunt Jane. How unspeakably grotesque. I am certainly glad that my neighbors and the members of the Civic Club could not see me.

*Lucille.* I think it's great. I know I could learn to swim real soon.

*Ruth.* But just see how much better you feel.

*Kitty.* Why you have a nice color in your face.

*Hilda.* And your hair is getting wavy all around your face.

*Lucille.* (*aside*) Half the morning gone and Aunt Jane hasn't mentioned nerves. What's going to happen?

*Miss Morgan.* Now I think our guest had better rest.

*Betty.* Why I was going to propose a hike. Let's take a tramp to Blueberry Hill?

*Miss Pickett.* Dear me, do you have tramps here?

*Miss Morgan.* No indeed, a walk, Betty means.

*Betty.* A hike is the correct term. We pack up a lunch and then go for a little stroll of ten miles.

*Miss Pickett.* I believe in walking every day, and each morning I walk three blocks to market. The other morning a young bride was doing her buying, and I heard her ask the butcher for an eighth of lamb, as a quarter was too much.

*Ruth.* Mother heard a woman complain to the butcher that the lamb was a little spoiled and the butcher said "No wonder ma'am that lamb was a great pet of my children's and I was afraid they'd spoil it."

*Betty.* Well Aunt Jane, we can't give you a credit for hiking on the strength of three blocks to the butchers' but if you lived with us any length of time we'd have you a champion.

*Kitty.* We aren't always so strenuous, Miss Pickett. We embroider.

*Hope.* And we do basketry, see what I'm making for mother.

*Ruth.* And we work with raffia, too. Isn't this a pretty bag?

*Miss Pickett.* Your work is very creditable indeed. My mother when she was a girl made alum baskets and wax flowers, and wreaths from the hair of relatives, but these are prettier.

*Lucille.* That's a compliment. Your basket is prettier than the camelias made from Aunt Susan's back hair.

*Miss Morgan.* I think you girls are forgetting the most important feature of all.

*Kitty.* (*counting on her fingers*) Hiking, swimming, drill—

*Betty.* Dinner!

*Lucille.* I was hoping some one would mention that.

*Miss Morgan.* Ruth and Hope are the dinner girls this week.

*Ruth.* Well, we'll try to do ourselves proud.  
(*Exit with Hope.*)

*Miss Pickett.* I confess I am hungry.

*Hilda.* Ruth is our star cook.

*Kitty.* She is economical too. She can make an omelet for ten people with two eggs and a bicycle pump.

*Lucille.* I smell lamb chops.

*Betty.* Yes the girls are broiling them in the cornpopper.

*Miss Pickett.* How resourceful.

*Hope.* (*outside.*) Mercy there's a spider on the custard. Pick it out Ruth, I'm busy, for there are a dozen ants in the sugar bowl.

*Miss Pickett.* How dreadful.

*Hope.* (*outside.*) Oh my nice cream cake. A toad jumped right in the middle of the meringue. I'll smooth it over, it will never show.

*Miss Pickett.* How terrible.

*Betty.* Don't worry, Aunt Jane, the girls are only teasing.

*Hope.* (outside) I guess we can serve now.

(*Enter Ruth and Hope in caps and aprons.*)

*Hope.* Dinner, ladies.

*Betty.* Aunt Jane, I heard your scoffing words about the prevalence of ants at picnic tables, and I can assure you that you will be the only aunt who graces our festal board.

*Kitty.* Aunt Jane, you look lots better than when you came this morning. Tell me honestly haven't you enjoyed it?

*Miss Pickett.* I believe you have given me a very fair initiation into camp life.

*Hilda.* All but the hikes and watermelon picnics and campfire stunts.

*Ruth.* Well, those can be counted as a post graduate course.

*Miss Pickett.* I understand that camper Fire girls not only stand for neatness—

*Kitty.* Ruth, make a bow.

(*Ruth bows.*)

*Miss Pickett.*—and orderliness—

*Hilda.* Like mending our clothes,

*Miss Pickett.*—and courage

*Betty.* That means me for rescuing you, Aunt Jane.

(*Kitty fastens the top of a tin can to Betty's blouse.*)

*Kitty.* The Carnegie medal for heroism, my dear.

*Miss Pickett.* But also for kindly deeds.

*Ruth.* (aside) Those chops will be stone cold.

*Miss Pickett.* To finish my speech you are kindly helping me make. I believe that campers also stand for kindly deeds, so I wish you to remember me by

one. (*Turns to Lucille.*) Lucille, my dear, with Miss Morgan's permission you may spend the remainder of the summer here, and I will send at once for suitable clothes for you.

*Betty.* Three cheers for Aunt Jane.

(*Campers give Wahelo call.*)

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